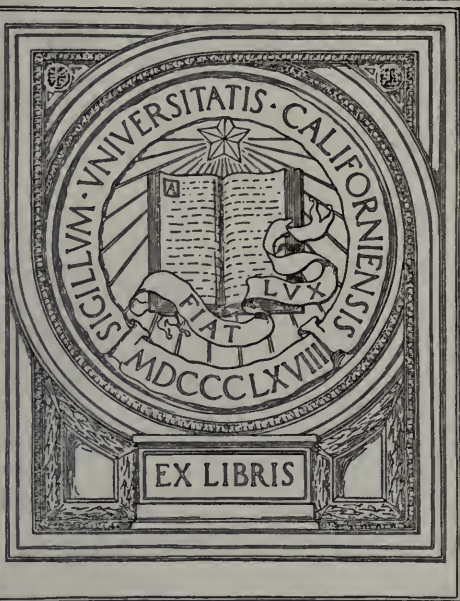




IN MEMORIAM



JESSICA PEIXOTTO  
1864-1941





OBSERVATIONS  
OF JAY  
(*A Dog*)

AND OTHER STORIES

BY  
MORGAN SHEPARD



D. P. ELDER & MORGAN SHEPARD  
SAN FRANCISCO

1900

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THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
MUSEUM

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

MARY FITCH WATKINS

A CHILD

WHO UNDERSTANDS THIS SIMPLE

TRIBUTE OF LOVE

AND WHO SENDS BACK TO ME

ACROSS THE GREAT LAND

A PRICELESS TREASURE

IN RETURN





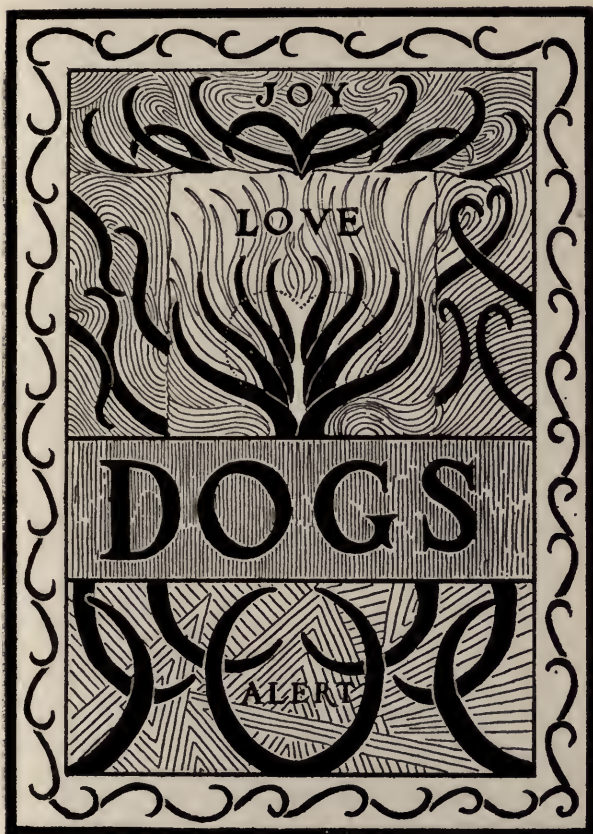
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OBSERVATIONS OF "JAY" UPON  
THE FIVE GREAT WAGS.



THE BEST FRIENDS OF CHIL-  
DREN AND MEN.



## CHAPTER I. OBSERVATIONS OF “JAY” UPON THE FIVE GREAT WAGS.



ARE the closest friends of children and men. Children come first for a dog's love, because of their understanding, and because dogs and children can but poorly tell of all that is in their hearts. Dogs have no words, and children but few.

The Boy has asked me to tell of some adventure in my life. But when I come to put the words down, I seem to think of no adventure which I care to speak of; for I am full of more serious matters. Besides, to tell of any of my great doings would take too much time. I do not want you to think

The Wish  
of the Boy.

The Will of  
the Dog.

that my life has been without strange and wonderful doings; that is not so—for it is crowded every day with many things worth telling. But I feel more like first letting you know of a dog's nature—his thoughts, pleasures, and feelings. I will do this; and some day I will speak of my "Great Fight with Uglymug," or my "Long Watch at the Door," or "How I Saved Boy," or "The Terrible Cat-Killing." (I was *blood wild* when I got into the last; so my good side shames me now.) These are a few of many adventures I have had. If the children really want me to, I will tell of any one, or all, some time.

To-day I hear the wind blowing from the dear south into the tree-tops, the flies are making a singing sound, the sun is hot in spots on the ground, and many heavy smells come to my nose, each one with tempting

colors. I sniff and sniff, and wish to shake myself hard and sharp, to drop the laziness off me, and go to seek adventures, not to tell of them. To-day is a great tail-wagging time; so I must tell of the pleasure I have in it, and it may be when I get started on that subject I will speak of nothing else. I have a splendid tail for wagging purposes, and it is a constant joy and satisfaction to me.

The Wag of  
Deep Love.

First in the order of good wagging is the "Wag of deep love" for your Boy or Man friend. Of course, it is full of differences, according to the time or place, or Dog, but in the main it is the same, and Love is Love wherever the place be. So the wag is slow and sure from side to side and half-way in the air, never tight or rigid; it goes with ears neither back nor forward too far, and the eye-light is soft and appealing.

Second comes the "Great joy wag." This

The Great  
Joy Wag.

is begun with yaps, barks, whines away down in the throat, then jumps, runs, and licking of the hands, with violent wags every which way, all at once and well mixed up together. When you get a little settled down and sure the Master is there, well, happy, and loving you, you trot behind and smell his heel once in a while, or lick his hand to make him look at you. Then the last of the "joy wag" is to twist your body into a crook, as crooked as possible, and wag sidewise, stiff, and with little contented jerks. This is the dearest wag of all; a good dog loves it most, though it may not be so important as "deep love." It is felt all over the body and into the heart (dogs with bad dispositions cannot wag this way).

Third is the "Wag of alertness," and is used on many different occasions, but always when the mind is awake, keen, and watchful.



This wag is somewhat hard to describe ; for it is purely “dog,” and needs understanding more than words to show what it means ; but you can easily tell it, and know right well what it is. The wag may be seen when I am at a rat-hole, and is wagged to show that I know you are there and that I love you, but I do not want to be disturbed, or when I want to get after Jerry the cat, but don’t dare, or when I see a stranger dog, that may be either friend or foe. To do this wag properly you must draw your tail up as high as possible, keeping it very stiff, then wag short and sharp, being careful to have no more on one side than the other ; for if it should become one-sided, you would lose grip of yourself, and appear undignified as well. The ears should be thrust sharply forward and never budged until things are settled or stiffness is no longer necessary.

Gathered  
mind and  
watchfulness.

I'll tell my  
Dream some  
day.

Fourth—the “Dream wag.” This one may not seem very important in the way of general wags, nor am I sure it should be fourth on the list, but it is to me very strange and interesting, leaving a great impression on my awakened mind. I carry a misty memory of it about with me when I am not very busy and on moonlight nights. There may be natural reasons for the “dream wag,”—as, for instance, a fly on the ear where the hair is thin, too much heat from the fire, or a flea in the middle of your back,—but *I* think it is caused by going into another world, where wags change their methods and dogs speak with men’s words. The Boy says my “dream wag” is queer and makes him afraid, and that I give hitchy jerks at the very end of my tail seven times, my jaws jerk and twitch, and my whine sounds far off in a very distant dog. I sometimes remember my dream ; it is mixed

—pain, pleasure, and strangeness. I could tell you a dog-dream if I had time.

The joys  
of a secret  
scratch.

Fifth—Next comes the “Scratch wag.” I might have left this one out, for some people will think it is not important ; but it has always seemed to me that to get a pleasure without hurting any one else or injuring yourself was perfectly right, and scratching your back hurts no one and gives you great happiness. The wag that goes along with this is almost any wag you care to make use of, varied in vigor according to the goodness or poorness of the scratching. I find that under the barn one can enjoy a fine continuous scratch in peace and quiet, if only the floor is neither too high nor too low and there are no green-eyed cats looking on. Then, there is a pleasant mystery and uncertainty about it all, and considerable satisfaction in knowing that no one sees how much fun you are

A sight that  
brings *blood*  
*fury*.

having, or thinks you are a weak character because your wags are so mixed up with whines, growls, and throaty barks.

All that I have told you has been of the happy side of a dog's life,—that is, so far as his tail is concerned,—and I am loath to say anything of the *sixth* wag, which expresses all sorrow. But it may be that my words will sink deep into the heart of some boy,—so deep that he will never stand still unrebelling, when he sees a “fear wag.” A dog's joy is blotted out by cruelty and abuse, and he is never the same again, having once been “cowed.” Think of a *tail* wagging when he crawls along on his belly, twisting and squirming in trembling terror, with eyes full of fear and prayer! What would a smile upon your lips be, if terror and panic filled your heart, and your body drew together to receive a blow? When I see that sight I get

the *blood fury*, and fear that some day I shall do terrible things to the coward of cowards, the low Man, who uses his mind and strength to flood a dumb creature's life with fear, and makes a tail to wag in cringing terror, when it should only be wagged for love, joy, and keen thinking.

The  
importance  
and pleasure  
of wagging.

I have now told you of the *five great waggings*, and the one wag of fear, which should not be counted, but still is sometimes seen. I have told of nothing else but wags, because wagging is of first importance. Of course, the tail is used in different ways by different dogs (but look out for the dog that never wags his tail, or has no tail). Wags and smiles make the heart kind. Barks, growls, yelps, and whines express a great deal, but I would give them all up rather than the "five waggings."

If the children want to know more about a

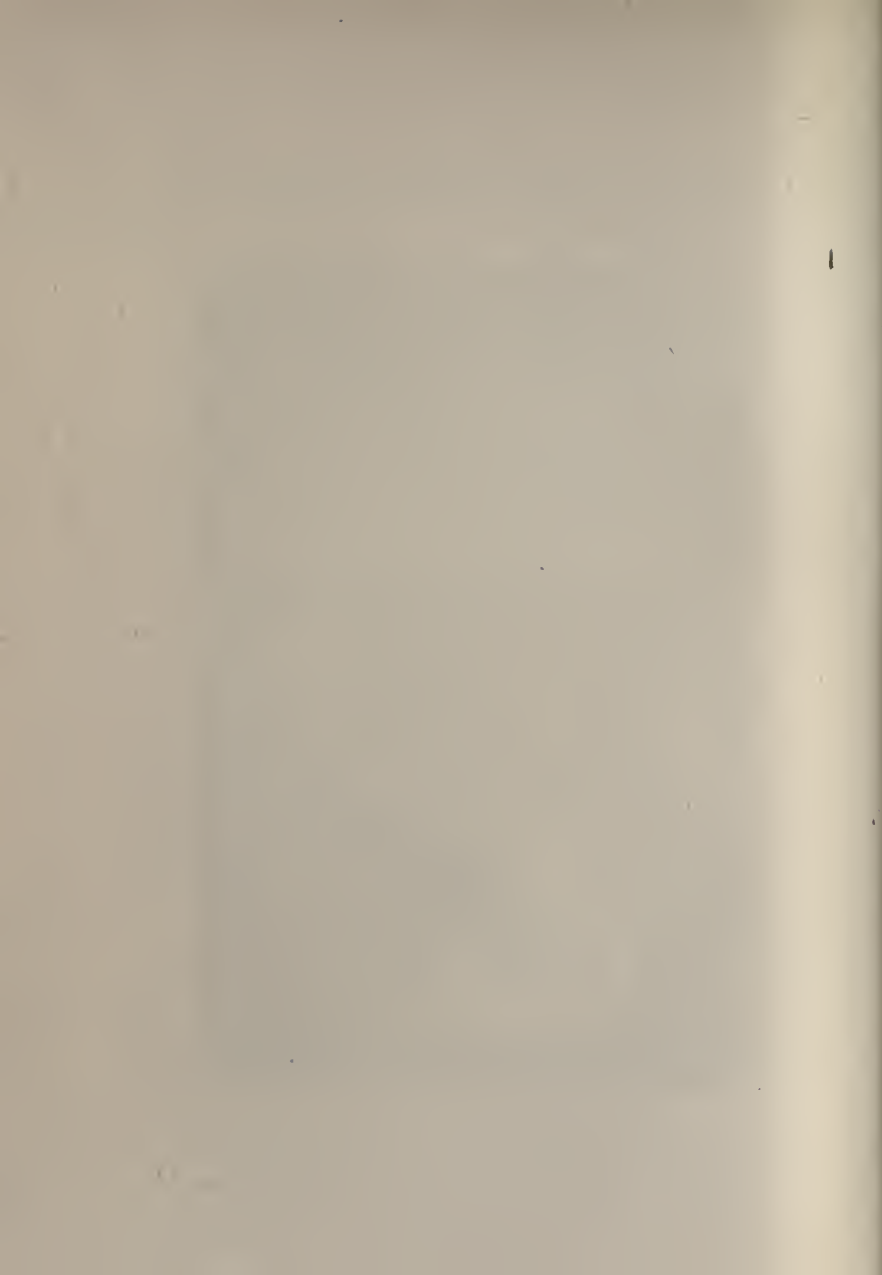
Farewell until  
another day!

dog's life, why he howls at the moon, growls  
in his sleep, loves to chase cats, hates some  
people, loves children—or anything of dogs'  
knowledge about dogs—let them ask me.  
Now the sun is soft and warm, the flies sing  
with their wings, streaks of blue smell come  
out of the woods and over the fields. I shall  
go to see what I may find. Wag joyfully!  
good-bye! Wag joyfully! good-bye!

WORDS UPON THE SMELL OF  
MYSTERY.



SEEKING FOUND NO KNOWL-  
EDGE, BUT THE RETURNING—  
LOVE.





## CHAPTER II. WORDS UPON THE SMELL OF MYSTERY.



MEN fully know that a Dog is a Dog for certain reasons, as is a Man a Man. One Man is of one kind, and another is no less a Man because his mind and way of thinking differ from another ; so I tell you these thoughts out of my heart and in my own way. Another kind of Dog would tell them in a fashion of his own and from his point of view.

Few Dogs have gone along the road of Life's Days with their wits so keen to notice things and their hearts so open to true judgment as I ; still, be it not thought by those who may read these words that a high opinion

Words telling  
the Virtues.

Knowledge,  
observation,  
and silent  
learning.

of my own power to see has blinded me to what is plainly so. Most surely I have the virtues of an honest, healthy, wet-nosed Dog (and no great credit do I take to myself, for I find happiness in my virtue, and happiness I seek first). It must be known that, first of all, I have a full knowledge of the five great wags, and a skill and understanding to use them at times and places most fitting. I never let confusion or fear into my mind to mix and weaken my actions or judgment. I look well to the position of my tail at all times ; for a weak tail unfits the body and mind of a Dog, and will bring confusion and foolishness into his life. I hold fast to alertness and dignity ; so during a Day I see from the ends of my eyes and learn, when it is thought I go without aim, or seek only new smells.

I find great satisfaction in all this ; for I

gather wisdom undisturbed and unknown to others. Each new thing settled in my mind adds to my power and importance. Never a day passes that I do not find use for the learning of the day before. I have settled in my mind some laws for a Dog's behavior in life, which, if observed, will bring peace and happiness to him, and win more of Man's consideration and respect. Here follow the laws :—

The first  
of the laws.

First—Be kindly toward all, giving love to but few and full love to One. Do not love often ; for much loving lessens the fullness of love and puts treachery into your heart.

Second—Greet all friends with the eye-light of gentleness and smiles and a “greeting wag,” if you feel inclined, and so make the day sunny-warm.

Third—Do not bear about with you the

More laws  
to learn.

rigid tail of suspicion, or the back bristles upward, thereby opening many hearts to hatred and misunderstanding.

Fourth—Make friends—for the more you have the greater will be your power and the happier your days ; but do not slobber in the making of them, for a wet mouth accomplishes nothing.

Fifth—When in a strange country be ever alert, using your gathered wisdom in all snooping ; but do not go into dark holes, where often lurk green-eyed cats or other things to hurt you.

Sixth—Go about your business with modesty and dignity, but with an erect tail and a sure purpose of doing it well.

Seventh—Keep your nose out of the track of a row. Never sniff to find a fight, but pass around the place. Nothing is ever gained in a looked-for row.

Eighth—Fight but seldom in all of a lifetime, but when you do, let it be for defense or justice. Do it well, saving your fore-legs and your honor.

A Man's way  
and a Dog's  
way.

Ninth—Eat enough to keep you well, and get some extra good things if you can, but carefully avoid gorging.

Tenth—Seize all the joy you can that robs no other ; for happiness is the south wind of the Heart's health.

Now, an observance of these laws takes nothing from a Dog's freedom ; neither does it make him a prig nor a hypocrite. I have noted that when a man tells a tale of adventure or speaks of the wisdom he has gathered, he makes many words of it—he has not the habit of mixing together his opinions and thoughts as they come into his mind. That is not a Dog's way ; for everything with us is short, according to Man's time. We have

Sympathy,  
simplicity,  
and  
Mystery.

not the length of days of Man. The fullness of life comes soon, and the going down to the end of it is with us ere we know it. So between the rising of each sun come many emotions—joy, love, hatred, seeking, longing, and adventure,—and a Day sees the Heart crowded with all that may be the full experience of a Man's long year. So it is that we count not time by days or years—we count only a life.

Therefore, to those who read these words I say, Look for no continued or connected tale; neither look for opinions of a kind following one upon the other. As a Dog, I shall speak of the things that come to my mind. Mixed up they will be, as Man looks at things, but true as a Dog acts and thinks. So let your mind down to the mind of a Dog, and bear on you the covering of sympathy and simplicity.

I will tell of the "Smell of Mystery." It comes to a Dog all unexpected and at all times and places. Never can I summon it to me by a will of my own, or find it by sniffing, neither can I fully tell of it here; for only fragments of an understanding may I take hold of, and that little gives me no power to show reasons or causes.

Dreams,  
wishes, and  
the coming  
of Mystery.

The "Smell of Mystery" came to me this Summer Day. I was sitting on the porch with my hind-quarters upon one step and my fore-legs on a lower one. The Boy, my loved friend, was with me. His mind was in the bushes, or the skies, maybe; for he spoke no words, and wishes unshaped were in his eyes. Silence was around us, save for the buzzing of bugs and the scraping of leaves. My heart was full of love and yearning for the Boy, but my tail was in no way moved to wagging, save when I was spoken to, and

The first  
following of  
Mystery.

then the wag was short and done from a sense of obligation. Mystery came in the gentle wind and smote my wet nose, which set it to twitching sidewise. I sniffed, and licked to get its taste and color, but I knew no name or shape to give it. My eyes were wistful and uncertain; a whine came out of me away down in my chest, sharp and through a tight throat. A great desire to seek—I knew not what—came into me. With unwagging tail I left the Boy (mayhap he solved *his* mystery).

When I have the “Smell of Mystery” in my nose, I go right along the track of it with a perfect certainty of soon finding the source of it all, and with a bearing of perfect self-confidence; never is my trot uncertain or halting. To-day I went over the field and through the orchard along the hedge of green. The places were familiar and often-sought spots, but with mystery upon me, they seem small



and undesired, and lacking in any interest. It was with none of my known places. An Enemy Dog ran for me with a rush of fierceness, but I turned upon him with tail and ears of warning alertness. I wagged short and sharp, keeping my legs very stiff the while, and with mincing step went round him. I did not even growl, but the Enemy Dog saw something in me which made him turn about and walk stiff-legged away, but rather fast and with bristles up. He looked back now and again to see if I would run, but I did not; so he pushed through the hedge and then began fast barks of defiance. (I have but a poor opinion of that dog.) So I loosened up when I was out of sight and went about my Mystery business. I followed the broken and twisting line of smell, and in the very middle of an open, treeless field I saw a Cat, sneaking low-

The Enemy  
Dog and a  
Cat.

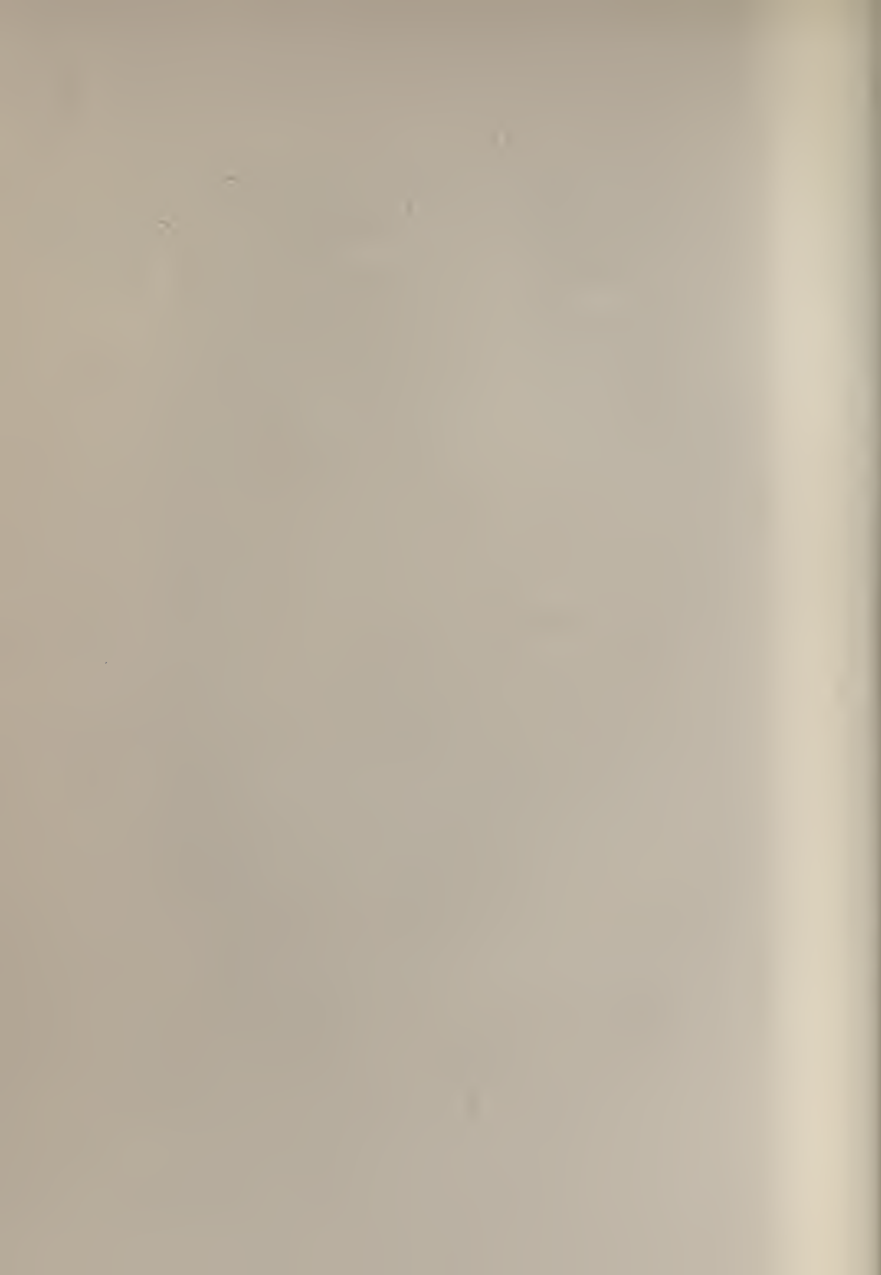
The fading of  
Mystery.

bellied along, and had it been any other time I surely would have found pleasure in giving the Cat a run. The track led me along a dusty road, over a stone fence, and far into the hills. Times there were when I could almost name the color and shape of what I sought. Often it was close to understanding, but I lost it again, and I whined for the strangeness of it and my foolish search without result. So, trotting and trotting and ever thinking I had come to the End, brought me to a stony spot in an arid field. Here the smell was strong and whirled around me. I ran about, whining, growling, with many short yaps, but nothing I found, and the smell faded out. I caught no track of it again. The "Smell of Mystery" was gone, and with it went my strange longing to know of it; and I even wondered why I was tired, hot, and panting. So I went homeward by the

way of the meadow and brook, dusty, and with a sneaky look about me. I waded chest-deep into the brook, and lapped to quench my thirst, jaw downwards into the water,—this way of drinking is most good. The Day may come when I shall know the cause of Mystery, but now I have nigh forgotten the smell.

Happiness ;  
Home and  
the Boy.

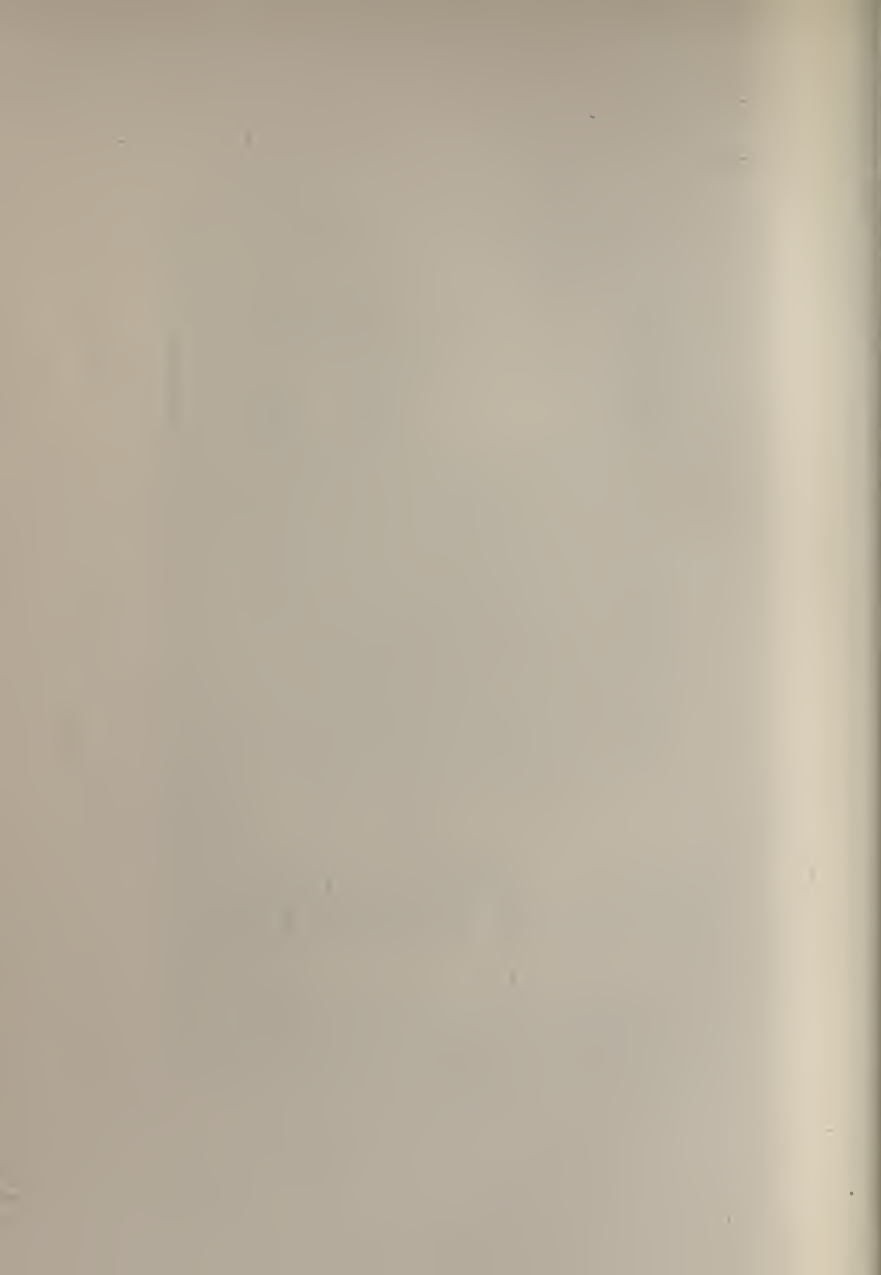
I went back to the Boy and found joy in his face, which came to him while I was away seeking. He saw great Love in my eyes, and fell to petting and making much of me. I wagged the steady wag of contentment and understanding. I was HOME. The air was heavy with sweetness and rest. The Boy made an end of his caresses, and I lay flat on my side upon the cool, green sod, and slept.



THE REVOLT OF BARBARA.



QUEEN OF THE WORLD.



### CHAPTER III. THE REVOLT OF BARBARA.



IS the name they gave me. Because I have that name I am just what I am. It is sad and full of thought; it has many "a's." If you will say slowly Bar-ba-ra I am sure that you will see that what I say is true. I would have been quite different if my name did not sound so heavy and slow. Betsy is what she is because of her name. She is gay, bright, and full of easily started laughter. Betsy—"Bet" brings smiles, and "sy," quick and merry words. Altogether she is gay, but not in any way silly, only her mind turns to bright colors, and happiness she sees over everything.

Names  
make us, said  
Barbara.

Tears in  
a heart.

Everybody lives to be like the name they have. I know a girl whose name is Lulie Sniffin. She is just like her name, prim, snippy, and obstinate; she gets angry easily, and makes sounds between her teeth that she would not make if she was not "Lulie Sniffin."

Things, too, almost always look like their names. I could tell you of many that sound like the things they are. Everybody thinks I am a sulky child. I wish I knew how to tell them in words that I am not, but that I am always busy in my mind. I do not know how to speak. When people think hard of me they make me cold and full of fear and I cry inside.

I only know one person who sees what I am, and He never says a word about it; but when I walk with his arm around me, He is sending kind thoughts to me. He does not



know what the thoughts would be in words ; neither do I, but hours go by sweetly when I am playing with him. We do not talk much, but still when we go home, I am warm all over and happy, and I know He is too. Once He said to me, "I can go out in the world and work some more, dear. You help me to work. I can do many things, for I am strong." He means that we are friends, and understands.

Queen of  
the World.

Here are the things that I see every day which make me seem sulky, and I wish I could be Queen of the World, with a right to rule things as I wish. Because horses cannot speak and ask cruel men not to treat them the way they do. Because dogs' eyes are so soft and beautiful, and follow their masters around, and cannot speak or explain when they try so hard to. Because men put animals in cages to look at—poor things that

North, South,  
East, and West.

have always had lots of room and have been Kings in their own country. Because so many children are unhappy, and no one helps them to get long days of joy. Because everything is so rough and hard and cruel.

I sometimes cry when I think I can't help it one bit—but I have found a way to be Queen of the World, with great power; so now I make things right for everything. I turn my face to the South when I am sad or in doubt, and think with my heart out of me, far away into the blue. I forget the things around me, and something comes to me that makes me strong and wonderful; so I can be a Queen with great power. The North is like a cold hard hand, the East never listens to me, the West is full of darkness and fear, but the South is like Sun, and a little wind blowing, and always gives and gives. I see a smile there that wraps me up

with happiness, and a white hand touches me as a fairy wand that makes my wishes all come true.

The stony hill  
and the tired  
horse.

So the other day I took everything the South would give, and I became a Queen. This is what happened: For days and days I had been very unhappy. I had seen so many sad things, but what made me do what I shall tell you of was this—A man driving a horse with a great load up a steep hill. The man lashed the horse with his whip. The horse kept slipping down on his knees (which he could not rub when he fell on the sharp stones of the street). I cried out with anger and pain and rubbed my knees, for it hurt me. It seemed to me that everything in the world was wrong; so I became Queen. I went to our barn and got on the back of Frank the horse, and told him to take me out into the big world. Frank took me to where the

Away  
for the dear  
South Land.

man was driving his poor horse up the stony hill, and I made him let his horse go. Then I commanded him to sit on his wagon and rub his own knees till the sun went down.

We started along the broad road which led to the beautiful South Land. We stopped at every house we came to on the way, and I made the horses, dogs, and all the children that wanted to come with us. The cats and chickens I did n't invite, but some came, anyway. And so we went on and on. Out of every place by the way came more horses, dogs, and children. The children rode on the horses' backs if they wanted to, and the dogs and cats and chickens ran along with the whole Horse Army. I was at the head of the great line. The horses kicked up their heels and whisked their tails, and neighed and neighed, and the dogs barked, and the cats yowled, and the chickens made all sorts

of noises. The mixture of sounds was very strange, and it was wonderful to see the army getting to be more and more the farther we went. We sang songs and stopped by the roadside to pick flowers. All the children had crowns on their heads, the horses and dogs had strings of ivy and daisies about their necks. The chickens and cats would not have anything around them. I wish they had; it would have looked so funny.

They come to  
a land of gentle  
law.

On we went until we came to a country where there were no houses, only green fields, and rivers and forests, with the tree-limbs high up, so there was no danger of bumping our heads. When we came to this country we found a great hill, and Frank and I went on top of it, and all the children, and horses, and dogs, and cats, and chickens, gathered around. I called out to them and said: "I am going to tell you all something, and I shall make

New laws of  
the Queen.

some Laws. What I say you must all remember. This is the South Land where we are free, and we can speak what is in our hearts, and not be afraid. We understand each other, and every one knows what is the right for every one else. We have taken a long journey, and have been happy all the time. Now, the country that we left, we must go back to soon. We will tell people that we shall have new laws for horses and dogs. After this, horses shall talk all they want to, and say when their masters are cruel, and they shall combine together and rebel. Then people will learn that animals have rights of their own, and that they should be men's friends, and not their slaves. So now, we will all go back to our homes."

Then, as the Sun was going down towards the Earth, our whole army went back ; everybody was talking and singing and playing.

The army melted away little by little. The horses went each to his own barn, and after that had no halters around their necks, or reins to drive them with, or whips to beat them. The poor horse I had saved found a good home where he had nothing to do. Dogs became the great friends of men ; they told each other their troubles, and always were a great comfort to each other. When I was Queen that day, I did good things for animals and men ; so they have been happier ever since. The children have more companions to talk to, and wonderful times when they play.

So all ended  
happily.





THE STORY OF A HORSE AND  
BARBARA.



ADVENTURES ONE SPRING DAY.



## CHAPTER IV. THE STORY OF A HORSE AND BARBARA.



NAME is Frank. I am a horse. I have had seven years of man's time, but eighty-four as we count, which is by the times of a new moon's coming. So boys and girls will see that I am old. I know many things, and have wonderful wisdom. If men would but let me, I could show how wise I am ; but they insist upon thinking that I am foolish and cannot think for myself. That is because, from the beginning of days of Horse-life, men did not understand us, and got us into bad habits. They put bits into our mouths ; they used reins to steer us with, and whips to drive us faster and faster ; so we

The  
introduction  
of Frank.

Thoughts on  
a Spring day.

become stupid. We now need men to guide us, and to drive us. They beat us with stinging whips upon our bare backs when we don't please them. In the beginning, if they had only talked to us to teach us the way, and told us things to do, you would see us going around like dogs everywhere we wanted to. You could whistle or call, and we would come; you could put us to a wagon and say, "Go to town—trot—gallop!" and we would do it. Some time I will tell you of all this matter—but now I have an adventure to relate.

One green, sweet-smelling day I stood under a tree, thinking. I was in a field with a fence about it. I had eaten a good deal, for it was Spring and stuff was easy to get, juicy and full of different good tastes. I rested in the soft shade, thinking of many things I loved and of none I hated. A little brown bird jumped and chirped in the tree above,

the wind went cool and smooth among the boughs, and the singing bugs kept singing. I was sleepy. Barbara came to me—she is the one I love most of all the children ; we have secrets. Her gentle, sad ways are dear to me ; the words she speaks go deep into my heart and stay there like budding flowers, which gayly bloom and bring memories when she is away of sweetness and understanding. She whispered in my ear. I pretended to be asleep, for I love to have her dear little arms around my neck and her lips close to my ear. My head was low down, so she could reach. She said to me : “I am a fairy, and we will do things, you and I.” As she spoke, I was filled with the mind of the child, and I knew I would be one with her. Then she said : “Your hoofs shall be cat’s paws, your tail shall be like Jay’s, the dog. You shall have a long mane on both sides of your neck, soft

He thinks so,  
too, of Mary.

Mixed  
sensations.

and bright, like my hair, and a forelock down to your very nose, and it shall be red, white, and black, and I will braid it. You shall mew like a cat, bark like a dog, low like a cow, but in every other way you shall be a Horse."

While Barbara was saying this, it all happened, and I felt queer. I thought I would try my tail; so I did. Then I knew what a wag was like, but I could not help wondering how I should manage the flies. Then I barked. Thinking I heard a Dog, I went scratching up the tree; then I knew how it felt to be a Cat. But I seemed too big to stay up there; so I jumped down, with my legs far apart, flump on the ground.

Now, as I was all things in one, I thought I'd have some fun; so I yowled, and I growled, and barked, and lowed, and neighed, and snorted, all in turn, to see how it would go. The first thing I knew, everybody

was there about me—The Boy, Betsy, Joe, Jay the dog, Jerry the cat, Dommick the rooster, and the Man. Barbara was on my back. She made my long mane into reins. Oh! but weren't they surprised! You should have seen them look! Boy said "Golly!" Betsy said "Oh!" Joe said nothing, but looked at my paws. Jay barked till he caught sight of my tail, then he wagged his. Jerry said "m-e-o-w" and swarmed up the tree with a big tail, and his voice rumbled. Dommick drew himself up with great pride, and scratched around in a circle, with his left wing stiff and scraping the ground. Then he started crowing; but when he got "cocker" crowed he became scared, and forgot the "doodle-do." He rushed fast as he could go behind the barn, where I am sure he told the hens about it with an air of importance. I think he felt that I might do

Surprise,  
suspicion, and  
consternation.



Topsy-turvy  
and a tail.

strange and dangerous things ; so it might be just as well to run away. Roosters are peculiar ; they change their minds before you know it.

The man said, "Let's have some fun," clapping his hands with a pop. Off I ran, Barbara on my back. I jumped the fence without touching it. I galloped through the barnyard, and scared the chickens most to death, all the more because my paws made no noise. I climbed the side of the barn way up to the weather-vane, and Barbara made the wind come from all directions. When she had tied her hair ribbon around the rooster's neck, I scampered down the other side, all the time barking, and lowing, and yowling, and neighing, sometimes separately, sometimes mixed up. I scratched everything that I could lay my paws upon ; the feeling of paws was new and pleasant, and being big claws like



a lion's, left fine deep scratches in things. All the time I wagged my tail, which was fun ; but it worked too easily, and I could not tell exactly the place to put it—it felt slight and airy, and I rather missed the swish of my own.

Impossibilities  
and  
excitement.

We then went to the orchard and into the very top of a big apple-tree. Both of us ate apples up there. After that, we stole quietly to the house, into the front door, and upstairs to the garret ; there I tried to catch a mouse, but I could n't get behind trunks. Barbara dressed up in a blue satin gown and put a gold crown on her head. I heard the children and Jay and the Man coming, so we hurried downstairs through the kitchen and out of doors again. Everybody was after us, scampering, screaming, and laughing. I turned upon them all, and made believe I was fierce, for I growled, barked, yowled, neighed, snorted, in terrificly quick succession. I clawed the

Going home.

ground, and lashed out with my paws ; so they all got out of the way. Barbara said, "Catch us if you can," and away we flew, over meadows and bridges, through clover-fields and sweet woods, along brown roads and narrow green lanes, up hill and down, faster and faster. The wind went by on both sides of us. Barbara's bright hair waved out behind, like sunlight running in a stream. We galloped on to the land by the sky. There we stopped, for we came up against a blue wall. I became a real horse again, and very tired. The Sun went down. Barbara led me home by a blue ribbon. Her crown was crooked ; her hair hung straight. The satin gown dragged in the dewy grass all twisted and limp, and bothered her. Her heart was full of "going home," her mind all bewilderment, and her little body was tired. So we went home in the last light of the sun.

WHAT BETSY DID.



THE PLAYFUL WIND IN MY  
HAIR.



## CHAPTER V. WHAT BETSY DID.



A GOOD time the other day. Sometimes I run away from the other children to find new things all my own, and then I make these things look as I want

The finding of  
New Things.

them to. If the others join in, they have so many ways that everything is mixed up. It's fun to play with the children most of the time, but I like to do my own way best of all. I don't mind Boy's helping me; for he seems to see just as I do, and does the next act right—as I would do it.

Some days come all full of strange sounds which whirl in the air, and with the sounds are Voices; the words I cannot quite make out, but it seems to me that they call me to

A day of  
adventure  
begun.

go out into the broad world to seek adventures. I get my mind crammed with thoughts of the sunshine and wind, and things all colored brown and green and streaked with pink. I want to run and jump, I long to think about great things that I cannot buy, and I use my thoughts so hard that what I wish to have comes true, even to the real smell and color of them.

A day of the adventure I will tell you of now. I was drawn hard towards the Ocean. I wanted to be alone to build and make, just by myself. So I went to the beach. I had no hat on, and my hair was down. I ran all the way there. I could jump to the tops of the trees and right over bridges very long and come to the ground as light as a leaf upon the grass. I went sliding down the yellow sand-hills that slip out under you. I screamed or sang loud and soft. I laughed

because I was so happy and free. I love, too, to hear my voice with the great sound of roaring noise. It is always sweet in my ears, when other noises are so loud that I cannot send my voice far beyond my lips. It is strange—but in an even clatter or steady roar I always do everything “in time,” and I can make up poetry that is *beautiful*—only I forget it when the clatter stops. I wonder why?

The wind out  
of the ocean.

I saw everything as I went along, green, pink, and yellow. Blue was mixed up with brown in streaks. The colors all had a good smell. That day was dear. Some wind came crooked out of the ocean and was alive and happy. The sound in my ears seemed all over the whole world. It was the ocean and the wind. The wind makes me laugh. As I ran, it slipped around me and wrapped me up, like soft ribbons.

The gum-tree  
and the  
water-tank.

I could n't see; but I turned round and round and unwrapped the wind, and pulled it out of my hair. I said "Shoo, Wind!" and He slid over the sand and made waves on some water that was there. The water got angry with the wind, but could n't chase it, so it was cross and cold; but the wind did n't care, and went fluffing off to curl around a gum-tree. You should have seen the gum-tree when the wind went at it! The leaves talked and laughed and screamed, and were made of silver and pink.

I'd like to be a gum-tree or a water-tank. Water-tanks think lots and do good, and are very satisfied with themselves—they always smile. If I could be anything I wanted to, I would be one now and then.

I went on and on very far, till I came to the Ocean. But it roared so I thought



it might flood the earth and drown everybody ; so I looked around for a high place to get on. I found a whole city of Kopjes (those are the things people fight on top of). The one I took came out of the ground, just like a big chicken croquette on a dish, for it was shaped like one. I climbed to the top of my Kopje and looked everywhere—mine was the highest ; but I was afraid of being conquered, so I set Madge (that's my doll) up there to keep my hill. I went and got a long sea-weed which was a big snake—oh, so long ! I put the snake around my hill, so no enemies could climb up ; for they would be afraid when they saw the snake guarding my Hill. I was safe then, and Madge and I talked.

The Kopje was wonderful, and full of strange things. There were holes with

The coming  
of Boy.

dragons inside, big bugs, and white sand with black spots. I tried to get the black spots together, but it took too long. Soon it was night ; so I was afraid—for my snake might go to sleep, and then an enemy would come. So I dug down into the top of my Kopje and got inside. I looked around, and it was like the inside of a beehive, without any bees. The whole room was covered with shells, of all the colors I liked, and the floor laid with chocolate tiles. (I ate lots and gave Madge some.) We had a good time in there ; for all around were doll-houses with things in them—chairs, and tables, and stoves, and curtains, and beds, and everything,—more than I ever had,—besides two guns and bows and arrows ; so I wished Boy was there. Then Boy came, and it was real cozy.

By and by it began to rain, and blow, and

storm outside, but we did n't get wet, and no enemies could find us. Boy said he would defend me, for he had a gun; so we went outside again. It was daytime. The city of Kopjes was gone, and we were in the middle of a dark forest. We could n't see the sky. We heard the ocean roar, but we did n't know where it was—it seemed all around us. We were on an island. We walked a long time, full of fear—but we did n't seem to mind. Then we came to a Dragon, and Boy shot him, and stood on the Dragon's head and cut his whiskers off for a scalp.

The whiskers  
of the Dragon.

After that we came to a river which was blue and not very deep; so we got into a boat and sailed toward the Sun. The boat sailed away very fast. I sat in the front and looked down to the bottom of the river, which was as deep then as a house is high.

Things slip  
away.

I could see little cities at the bottom, all white like glass, and in the houses lived goldfish, which swam in and out of the doors and looked out of the windows. I could see them shine up through the roofs of the houses.

So we sailed on, and Boy was silent, for he saw many things and was thinking hard. Then we came to the shore. Our boat sailed back to the black forest again all alone. We could see its white sail, far, far away against the black forest on the other shore. I was tired and sad. The sounds around the world were gone. I could not think things into shape any more. Everything began to slip away. Then we came home.

I wonder sometimes if all people feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied and near to crying when they come home after having

wonderful adventures. Of course, I love my relations; but there are times when they seem far away and cold, because they are thinking only of work to do, and necessary things.

Work and  
Duty.



A DREAM, PERHAPS.



THERE IS NO REASON WHY.





## CHAPTER VI. A DREAM, PERHAPS.



THERE may be no good reason why I, a Boy, should have this strange thing come to me. Perhaps it was a dream of the Day, formed and built into completed happenings from a heart that went out to dumb things. Often and often, before I knew it, my soul passed into the creature and lived out its life in every detail, save that the Boy gave to the living thing greater knowledge, passions, rebellion, and human failings. I never felt the animal to be more virtuous for my visit ; but it had for the time a power to protest, and *I* came back to the Boy world again gentler, purer,

The heart  
of a Boy.

Changing  
a form.

warmer in heart, and each journey gave me added understanding of the dear dumb thing. My heart has beat in him; his tongue remained without the power of speech while I was there. Some fresh memory of Man's cruelty to an animal swelled my young heart nigh to bursting—the harder to endure because I was young and had no gift of word protest. At these times, the Dream, or whatever it was, came out of a misty mass of fading reality, and out of tears.

A smell of hay, of wet oats and stable; my hoofs scuffed in the straw of the night's bedding. I felt the narrow limits of the stall—a rope halter through a hole in the hay-bin bound my head. I was cold, and shivered as I listened in a daze to the hiss and humming of the man as he curried me down, beating the comb against the sides

of the stall. Anger rose in me when he whacked me in the side with a "Get o'er there, boy!" I lashed out, drove him from the stall, and for a moment would have killed him.

The first  
revolt.

I strained at the halter, and kicked wildly at the stall-sides, frightening the black mare to the left of me. Then, coming to realize that I had no hands, I set myself to wear through the rope by gnawing and chafing, and at last, breaking the buckle at the side of my head, I shook myself loose with a neigh of wild delight. The west wind blew through the barn window cold upon my naked sides. I felt too large in body and soul for the place I was in. My soul longed for love and a gentle human touch; so my mind brought up the image of my little playmate, whom I loved near to worship. To Her I would go, and great would be

Liberty.

the frolicking of that Day. Rebellion was forgotten, and only love for the Child was in my heart. I lifted the rusty iron latch and walked out into the world.

Sunshine, green grass, a cool Spring breeze, apple-blossoms between the garden paths, all smooth and straight, and a gravel drive winding out to the main road. A delicious madness got into me, and I breathed deep of the fresh air, and snorted and sneezed. Frantic with freedom, my heels lashed out and my tail whirled and whisked. I squealed and beat the yielding sod. I sprang to my right and left, and stopped short, my head thrown high, and my mane a tangle of shiny black. Then I stopped, standing with fore-legs parted; for I saw People coming, and She was with them. I turned my arched tail upon them, and with a high-headed trot, kicking every fifty paces or so, shying at

every twig, leaf, and shadow, broke into a mad' run until the wind licked my sides. I clattered over the cedar bridge, but stopped there and turned back to hear my hoofs rattle again upon the loose boards and to smell the fresh mint that grew between the stones near the water. Then out to the main street, wild with speed. A green and brown blur rushed by me, and I heard through the pounding of my hoofs many a "Whoa! Whoa!"

I came to a meadow, green and wet, and a brook with a hillside beyond, where a little child was playing among flowers, and she laughed to see the mud clouds rise and float away as I nozzled the water. I went up to her, and she clasped her dirty arms around my wet fore-legs until her screaming mother hurried her away.

At last I grew tired of freedom, and I

Understanding.

wandered home. I had a feeling of shame, but the Child would know of the Boy in the horse, and the rest were blind ; so what cared I ? I went to my stall, and after I was rubbed down and cared for (but I would not bear the halter) she came to me, and I made broad room for Her. She stroked my neck and nose and laid her cheek near my eyes, and murmured things which only my heart understood ; her fingers passed along my neck and through my mane, and I trembled with a great joy. I was sick at heart when she left, telling me to stay, and I whinnied pitifully, burning to speak.

From this day I was free ; for I was little use to my owner, revolting at bridle and harness, and obeying only Her. I would not be a horse with other horses. Bitterness toward men and my own kind grew day by day. I would have told horses of their

great strength and how to use it against Man ; but they could not learn and would not understand. I went to and fro as I willed. I followed Her as a dog might ; a cat's tread was no lighter than mine as I passed in and out between things that break, doing no harm.

Willful and  
fond.

Willful and fond, she governed me with caresses and whispered secrets on our wild rides together over the hills. She was gentle and kind, but sometimes she exacted hard and strange things of me, because of the mischief in her. When I was lying down, she would tell me to get up hind parts first, like a cow, or she would find a great delight in making me roll over uphill.

She rode me bareback and astride, with strands of my mane for bridle-reins. Never horse had such a smooth gait as I made for her. I touched the earth so as never once

The straight  
lane.

to jar her. I picked out the places we bóth loved most—a green hill-top where the tree-boughs were high from the ground, and the long, straight lane, where I would lower my neck and fly away, to feel her knees press tight against my sides, watching from the tail of my eye her tumbled hair and clutching fingers in my mane.

Sometimes I would stop short, throwing her gently off. Then she would beat my face in anger with her closed fists, to my delight, for I loved the greater weight of her little hands. Then came remorse and tenderness, as she drew my head close to her heart, running her fingers through my forelock and mane close to the top of the neck, where the flesh is warm. So I took a sweet delight in her repentance.

. . . . .



After this, came days of fear, passion, and sorrow. "Exhibit him; he is a mint to you," I heard them say. So I threw down everything that stood in my way and fled. I roved through the bog-marshes and alder-bushes; I tore in rage at the branches which scratched my sides. A smarting sting was in my eyes for tears that could not flow. At last, needing the care of Man again, I returned, and felt her hand, love burning in me, pride and rebellion broke my heart.

Days of fear.

Man had his will; so this came into my life: A circus-ring, dusty, brown, and hot; a sky of heaving yellow canvas; a hum of many voices and a vile smell of many beasts—Oh, the green trees, the long lane, and the west wind! I stood trembling, with my head thrust far out and low, trying to understand it all. I heard, as though a

Hard lips  
and shining  
eyes.

dry oak-board had broken, the crack of a whip. I saw the ringmaster—a fearsome but silly man in black. A wild rush about the ring in search of an opening, and then I stopped; for I loved a Child, and children were there. Love, gentleness, and appeal covered me like a cloak. Surely no words were needed; they should have seen I smiled, and my eyes were soft, looking for my little friend. To and fro I went, but saw no kindly hand—only thousands of faces, shining eyes, and hard lips—but not one look of understanding. I backed and bowed and strained my throat to speak, and the crowd cheered. With my left fore-foot I scraped rude angular letters in the dirt—a word that they must know; but only stupid, wondering faces all around. Then I felt a sharp sting upon my side, and my wrath blazed up. A crash — dust — screams —

breaking timbers — a black form upon the ground, and I awoke to life again !

The Boy  
again.

The mists of real things clear, the Dream has slipped back into the store of other memories. I had been a Horse for the Day. I was no less a boy, and better, because the Dream had come to me.



SOME WORDS ABOUT COLORS,  
SMELLS, AND MOONLIGHT.



FEW WORDS ABOUT THE SPELL  
OF NIGHT.



## CHAPTER VII. SOME WORDS ABOUT COLORS, SMELLS, AND MOONLIGHT.



DOG of the best understanding knows a friend without smelling legs. I know the approach of one long before my eyes note the shape or color of him. The coming of a friend is borne down on the wind or fills the bigness about me with a great contentment and rest. Have you ever seen a dog sitting alone, noting in silence a thousand passing things, gently wag his tail and let the expression of love cover him all over from nose to tail-tip? He has not seen you, you have not spoken, but he knows the presence of a Friend, and happy is the

The coming  
of a Friend.

The fullness  
of the Day.

Day. Man's eye takes into his mind all passing things in a lump of understanding, but a Dog notes every small detail with lightning quickness, and each thing he sees is bright with interest for him.

Sometimes the Day is so full that even he cannot grasp all that is doing. Spring days are so, and I have often rushed here and there with mixed barks and growls, so bewildered have I been in my inability to seize and understand the passing wonders. It may help you to better see my meaning if I tell in few words of the fullness of a Spring Day. The Heart will not warm, nor will the mind take hold of moving life, if there lingers in you the memory of naughtiness, you are sick, the smell of carrion lurks about you or on the wind. I most enjoy observing the Day from the steps of my Friend's home; for there I am free, and alertness need not fill the



mind and drive away gentleness, softness, and openness of mind to take in all things.

A busy mind.

I do not know that the sights I see would tempt a man to do my way, but I will tell of the things that go to fill a Dog's Day in Spring.

I sit and wait for the power of seeing to come to me, with looseness of mind and body. The air is filled with smells, which first are to be noticed; for they whirl past in fleeting lines, one after the other, or in a tangle of uselessness. I am kept busy giving each smell its best color and shape. I single out those that will be most pleasing to follow up and scatter or break when I have time, on another day. Every Dog has an own smell which he claims as his own, and he uses it as his Word of Right to be a normal Dog among Dogs.

Sounds then fill his mind. The noise

Sounds and  
a thousand  
things.

of leaves scraping in the wind, the dripping of water, the buzzing of bugs, the snip of a fly's wings in a sun spot, the wind in the new places it mixes into, the cracking of dry wood, and the separate sounds of birds, chickens, all animals, Man alone, and Man's contrivances, these are but a few of many that come, and are each noticed. Great pleasure there is in letting go the knowledge of each separate sound, and taking a feeling of all sounds as one great roar of life, and giving one sharp bark to add to the collection of sound, so feeling that I have given a fragment to go with the rest, that *I* have made the whole different and bigger, and my power makes it so.

During all the time of noticing smells and sounds, the eye is busy, too, but leaves enjoying sight till the last. I may not here tell of a thousand things that make me itch with

interest, but it is enough to mention a few things which a Dog sees that Man passes by unnoticed. The marvel of mixed colors over all the earth, and why they are, for each separate thing fills me with wonder almost approaching dread. Then tiny bits of life, and flashing light, and dust floating in slanting columns of sun—floating bits of wool shimmering with red, blue, and purple. Sometimes I nozzle and ruff into the mass of moving color to see what will happen. Sun spots glimmer and shift. The running ant stops short and turns about as he comes to a flickering mass of light. A lady-bug feels her way along a blade of grass and is so slow opening her wings that she has a tumble down a dark hole, and climbs up to the top of another swaying blade and dashes away only to have a new fall. Flies balance in a shining column of sun, with wings

The noises of  
a Spring Day.

gleaming. They whirl and dive after one another, or at me, so that I snap to have one—with no malice, however, but rather from habit. Things there are far away, on the hilltop, against the sky. A horse browsing and whisking his tail and a running Dog—these are strange to me. I sharpen my ears in an effort to hear, for what I see has sound somewhere; so I doubt my ears.

I will speak no more of these little things I see; for I find my mind thrusting ahead into a whirl of them, all of great delight to me, but which may seem too small for me to look at or into. So the Spring Day whirls and buzzes with life, and shows with vividness an abundance of color, joy of many smells, and the clash, boom, and bewilderment of sounds, mixed up or separate, as I wish to take them.

A Dog has not the power of speech, in

Man's way—for his tongue and throat are not shaped for Man's words; but lacking that, he has other gifts which give greater pleasure and are more use than speech. But when I see cruelty to dumb things, I would surrender all to have a tongue fitted for word making so that I could pour out a mass of true and stinging words—words with the power to hold the hand of the Cruel One. Some day, when a Man has perfected his cruelty, and one Dumb Animal has reached the limit of endurance, a Voice will come out of the creature's soul, deep down around a suffering heart. The words shall strike terror into the Man, and he shall go about on all fours to live the balance of his days cringing in fear of a blow, his lips shall shape no words of protest or appeal, and his eyes shall be tearless. Such shall be his reward.

The reward of  
the Cruel One.

It is not here that I would tell of Man's

Man's powers  
and a Dog's.

cruelty, but rather do I wish to take into my heart all of Love, that I may better tell my true feelings and opinions. Knowing what a Dog lacks in certain ways, you must see that he has what no one can ever get. Without *many* powers, the few he has are all complete. Man has words to use; a Dog has a wonder of expression, the greater for his lack of words. Man reasons, and acts upon his reason; a Dog has instinct, and no man knows its limit; which stands instead of reason; this is surely known, at least by those who stop in their set way of thinking and open their hearts.

I now would speak some words of Colors, Smells, and Sounds. I may not say all I would, but enough to give a newly started power to think deeper into the matter. All colors to us have form—varied, of course, as the colors vary, changed in shape by the sun,

shadow, and for other reasons. Colors also have their own special smell or taste, and they are always the same; of course, mixed colors and mixed smells are of uncertain tastes. Then, too, smells have distinct shapes, varying only according to their strength or weakness, and their colors always remain their own, as does their taste. Sounds have form, color, odor, and taste. I shall here tell in few words of some of them, so that it may be, as you go along noting the things doing in a day, you will see the truth of what I shall tell and benefit thereby, and noting from a distance smells not good, you may pass another way.

The dearness  
of Blue.

BLUE is shaped all in curves, and looks like clouds before a Spring breeze, or a child's curly hair; it has no sharp points or corners, and one need never fear it. The smell of blue is always welcome, and brings wags

Green, Yellow,  
and Purple.

of contentment, and the taste of it many nose-lickings. New hay has the smell of blue, and dry rose-leaves. The taste is sweet, like new milk.

GREEN goes in lines of great and little thickness, like the strings of a harp, and has its borders in the form of a harp; its smell is that of crushed grass, and it is bitter of taste.

YELLOW is like an egg in shape. A little of the smell of it is good—its fragments or edges; but the whole of it fills you up and will sicken you. A small smell is of the Jasmine flower; but much yellow brings carrion to mind—so the taste of it is like its smell.

PURPLE is all of curves, like blue, only not so gentle or so small. It is heavier and larger, and one tires of the shape of it, for it seems too full of roundness. But the



smell is in no way like the smell of blue; for it is thick and strong and brings on sickish sleep and bad dreams. The smell I cannot tell, nor its taste. I once smelled an empty bottle marked "Extract of Vanilla," that seemed to me a purple smell, and 't is likely what was in the bottle tasted purple, but I did not taste it to prove my theory.

Brown, and the  
goodness of it.

BROWN is the most important of all colors, and is a wonder of power and contradiction. It is goodness and badness, mystery and plainness, cruelty and kindness. It bears a thousand shapes, according to its will or the use you make of it. Its useful and Dog's shape is like the trunk of a great tree sawed from boughs to roots, laid upon the ground, the outside upwards. The smell of it is in all cooked foods, and the taste of it also. Still, for all the goodness

White and  
Black, but no  
words of RED.

of brown (and good it is, for it meets the eyes and fills the mouth and nose at every turn), it may go hand in hand with other colors, all mixed and wrong, so at times it is a poison, and bitter, like Green, sickening, like much Yellow, and overpowering, like fat Purple.

WHITE has no shape, for it is like air, water, thought, sweetness, and breath. White is all that is best in dogs. Breathing whiteness, walking into it, lying down, rising up, and going about in it, brings Wisdom and Joy.

BLACK I do not know the shape of; only to me it is great and good, soft and deep, thick to touch, and smooth like a horse's nose; and so I love the night, for I can see pictures of what I most love against it. It wraps me up close, but gently. It is because of this great love of Black and the softness,

that most dogs howl, make a fuss, and are nervous and unlike themselves when the moon is full and high in the sky.

Some dogs take the moon harder than others because of their love of night and black, but these are usually dogs of small understanding, whose minds are bewildered by the cold light of the moon; the spot of shiny white they look at makes strange shadows, but has no warmth or color. You must know that colors and smells come first in a dog's life, so the moonlight, which gives no color with it, unsettles a dog's mind, and he howls, with his nose stretched toward the strange light, and knows not why he howls. He often welcomes the blows of man, for it makes life seem natural during the time the sting or memory lasts.

I seldom howl at the moon; if I do, it is because something else is wrong—the

A confession.

children may have been sent to bed sad and misunderstood, with joy cut off incomplete, or playing half-way done, or wanting words of understanding to end the day. These things spill sadness into the night; so I howl. The distant voice of a Dog, far, far away, I sometimes answer, but I feel ashamed of myself, and quit it without getting a kick. I cannot say, however, that I do not bark, I do that most needlessly, for many foolish reasons.

I must here confess that my moonlight bravery is a surface quality; I am not brave. I try to make it appear that I am, by overmuch fierce barking and sudden dashes into the dark; but I never go too near the supposed danger, but stop with legs far apart, ready to rush every way at once, with the most uncontrolled use of barks, unintelligible growls, and throat noises, and I am cer-

tain to come back close to your knee, full of bristles, fragmentary growls, and whines mixed in, because I am puzzled and ashamed, and you will notice how perfunctory my wagging is. If I lick your hand, it never shows more than a measure of duty fulfilled and well over. I am not brave, but I want you to think I am. I take upon me a manner over-watchful. If an enemy should, in fact, be there, blindly would I rush and fight; but fear and panic would be in my heart so I could not fight the best way.

Love for the  
Loving.

So does the moon scatter a dog's wits. The colorless light fills the heart with doubt and the mind with bewilderment, but the good, black, moonless night brings new thoughts, with strength for brave deeds and deeper Love for the Loving.



ANTIPATHY, CONTEMPT, A  
GOAT, AND SOME OTHERS.



TAKE GREAT JOY IN THE  
ROOSTER.





## CHAPTER VIII. ANTIPATHY, CONTEMPT, A GOAT, AND SOME OTHERS.



I CANNOT think that it is natural for a Dog to go through the days of his life without having some strong feelings of hatred and contempt. Nor can he go along his way without making a few enemies. One or two good enemies have made a better and wiser dog of me. It would be too easy and monotonous a life if my alertness were not now and again stirred to action and defense. I do not remember ever looking for a row from the pure love of one, or ever setting my tail in a stiff way of invitation ; but I have had some good wholesome fights,

The benefit  
of Enemies.

The sulky  
Dog.

and I rather enjoyed them while they lasted. In fact, on each occasion I was loath to quit—so much so that when my enemy was nigh beyond more fighting, they had to twist my tail to persuade me to let go my grip. I did let go, for of all things, I most respect my tail, and the twisting hurt; besides, I could not help feeling that if it went on, my future wagging might be affected, so I loosened my jaw.

It comes to me now that I will find pleasure in telling somewhat of my own kind, and other dumb things that I meet daily and know well. There is a dog that awakens in me the first buddings of fear, because he has that about him which I may never fathom. His way is to go about his business with concealed defiance in every move he makes. The look from the corner of his eye burns with suspicion, his lips roll

easily to show his side-teeth. No happiness or lightness is in his step, and I know that he will rend and slash without warning. When I first met this dog, my instinct was to do a lot of barking, bristle-raising, dust-scratching, much running, and the like, if he made for me, but age and greater knowledge of dogs has taught me how to deal with his kind.

The method of management.

The way to manage him without coming to a fight is absolute stiff-legged, sure-purpose dignity, with not a hair of fear showing, nor an instant of hesitation in your purpose. You must go the shortest way to him, with an even walk, never taking your eyes off his tail. Without a flicker of fear about you, or even most formal or stiff-legged greeting, get your jaw over his shoulder close up to his neck. Fasten your eyes upon the spot you will grab if he moves; then growl as if you

The French  
Poodle.

had small bones in your throat. Your rigid attitude of fearless warning will accomplish the purpose of conquest without a fight. The enemy will not stir so much as a hair, and if you exercise the right force of mind he will give you no trouble. A few moments of the most intense concentration on your part will do more than five minutes tangled fighting. Finally, greet him with stiffness, then, without once turning your head, go back to your place. One or two such lessons will teach him to go some other way. So much for the sulky dog.

There are some dogs that excite my contempt; the French Poodle is one. He is unendurably conceited, and always has the air about him of going about some business of great import, which is not so, for his business always turns out to be a most trifling matter. He has an air of secrecy about

Conceit, and  
misused wags.

him, just as though he were on a real hunt, or looking for the Mystery Smell. I have watched him, so I know. The look in his eye makes you think he could tell something about you if he wanted to; but I have learned that he knows nothing, and has nothing to tell. He never wags the right way; his face smiles along with the Dream Wag, and I have known him to bark furiously with the Scratch Wag going hard. Now, that mixture is unendurable, and fills me with much contempt. This dog has his virtues, and is very wise, but his conceit spoils him for Dogs. If you will think upon the matter, you will see that he is a dog advanced beyond a normal dog's understanding, but he is still a Dog. One reason of his high opinion of himself is that Men clip off his hair, which makes him ridiculous to Us. Attention and clipping have

The  
three-legged  
trot.

spoiled him. He is the kind of fellow that I always want to roll in the dust to muss him up.

Then, there is another dog that bothers me, for no other reason than that he has the habit of constantly changing step with his hind legs and holding one foot off the ground. Now, you may be sure this dog is a fool or a very weak character ; for no good dog does that unless he is very much preoccupied or is absent-minded. But if the habit is upon a dog, that is all I want to know of him. He shall be rolled in the dust so that he will forget, and use all four legs for a change. A good quick, scattering, mixed-up roll it shall be.

Another time I would like to say something about the peculiarities of other dogs I have associated with or have come to know well by a keen dog's observation, but now

I shall pass on to other matters, for my mind is rather full of Cats, Roosters, and Goats.

The Cat is  
a mystery.

I have always found it hard to become entirely reconciled to a Cat,—first, because I have never been able to put myself into him and so think and feel from his point of view. He is to me an unsolved mystery; either he knows nothing and looks wise, or is so wise that I am a very pup in understanding. If he is the first, he deserves to be treed once or twice a day; if he's the latter, why I better look out or he will get the better of me in some way. I can hardly think he is wonderful, however, or he would get back at me; for surely I have given him cause enough. He seems to hold no grudge, nor does he invite me to love him. Such furry indifference rather irritates me. He wags his tail when he is angry, which is another strange thing about him.

Further words  
about the Cat.

I do not know what I should do without the Cat, for he affords me amusement of the most pleasing nature, and of the best kind ; any game I have with him is well mixed with excitement. I have the greatest respect for his claws—there is something so downright and complete about his scratching. He has a wonderful way of getting all over you at once. Everything he does is distinctly Cat ; so you never know what comes next. I am very glad he has not discovered that his steady, sullen gaze and his low growl always make me go about my business ; for if he had, I should never have the joy of a chase across the yard, or the fun of watching him get around the corner of the house in his peculiar intent fashion.

The Dog is born an enemy of the Cat, and remains so through the days of his life. I have been trained to be kind to those I



live with, but it takes very few "sickums" to set me to cat-hunting. I wish I could describe my sensations, when every muscle is trembling and all senses acute at those awfully intense moments when I want to get at him, but do not dare. I can assure you, however, that it is his mind and not his claws that squeeze a whine out of me. Surely at these times a cat has mind, or something, I know not what, which is quite as good. I might continue at great length to tell you of all the amusement a Cat affords me, but when all was said, I would know the Cat no better, and it would be but a story of my own or some other Dog's adventures and opinions. Almost any Dog can tell you as much about Cats as I, but it is different when it comes to more important subjects.

There was a time when I found great enjoyment in the Goat, but he soon becomes

When all is  
said of the  
Cat.

The Goat  
soon fathomed.

tiresome. His face always has the same smile upon it, and there is not much lasting fun in him. When you have once learned his ways, you soon lose interest in him. No matter how you change your treatment of him, he always meets you head first, and he never loses his tiresome smile. His eyes never flash, do what you will. I have wasted many a morning's playtime trying to get our goat to kick out behind, but I never succeeded in getting him worked up to it. Many a good rolling and side-punching has he given me because I tried to bring some variety into his life. So now I do not waste much time on the goat, and if ever I do, it is because I have nothing else in sight. I hold a theory, however, that if I can ever take the Goat's hind parts unawares, I shall get a kick upwards and backwards out of him. Much contemplation of his tail has inspired

me with great respect for that piece of him; why, I would give a month's ratting to be able to jiggle my tail the way he can jiggle his! For the purpose of alertness and intimidation you could not find a better one. His tail has a power of stiffness which makes one almost forgive him for being a Goat, and I sometimes wish I might be one. If I had his tail alone, with my knowledge of wags, I could accomplish anything. Not a dog within ten miles would make the first move toward downing me; one look, with a goat's tail drawn up in goatish rigidity, would convince any stranger dog that I was master.

Respect  
for a tail.

The art of reducing an enemy dog may cease to interest, the French Poodle may grow to be beneath contempt, the satisfaction in rolling a three-legged dog may wane, the Cat may become an uninteresting friend,

Go to the  
Rooster, thou  
sad one!

and the black tail of a goat may sadden and not inspire you ; but for good solid, everyday fun go to a big fat Rooster. When I am depressed I go to the Rooster ; if ever I lose my good opinion of myself, I go to the Rooster and behold his ways. A new fund of good spirits I get from him ; in him I always see an example of self-esteem—worthy of emulation. Qualities important in a Dog's character are a capacity for deep love, happiness, keenness, and *self*-esteem ; if he has not the last, he will have many sad days—hence my appreciation of the Rooster. It requires no great effort of mind to gather all of a Rooster's ideas ; for he is not many-sided or complex. My enjoyment of him is much due to his inviting simplicity. He is a good lazy-day companion. A Rooster's life is full of limitations ; but where can you find a creature who uses to such

advantage the opportunities he has? To watch him during his mealtime will give a lesson in social entertainment. He can make more fuss over a grain of wheat than I can over a dish of meat, or a Man at a meal that he eats with many periods of waiting. When at meals he seems to have a very poor appetite ; he does not pick fast or in large quantities, but centers his attention upon one small grain. He picks it, drops it, calling the weak-minded, adoring hens about him ; who are much flattered by his courtesy, and gather around at his call ; then he calmly eats the corn himself. This is not pure selfishness, as one might think, but he believes in holding his supremacy, and has a theory purely his own—that discipline, and occasional disappointment are good for his hens. Sometimes he becomes a little too absorbed in his own importance, and misses

A lesson in  
entertainment.

Discipline, and  
a dust-hole.

his pick ; so a hen gets what he intended to eat himself. That makes him mad for a moment, so he gives her a dab in any place at all and makes a circle in the dust with his right wing, turning stiffly on his left leg ; this is merely to show that she was a stupid fool, and should have merely looked at the food and admired his very fine way of eating it. If the Rooster is in a particularly complaisant frame of mind, he lets the hens eat a grain or two. The community fully understands, however, that he has been very generous, but in no way is resigning his rights. If the Rooster thinks the hens are becoming too much absorbed in their meal, and so lose him from their minds, his feelings are hurt. Then he goes to a barren spot in the yard to pick violently and call loudly, as though he had made a wonderful find in a dusty spot ; strange as it may seem, most of the hens will

obey his summons, only to find dry dirt, and their lord. Then he reads them a lecture upon respect, with much dignity and wing-scratching. The Crows of Roosters are crowed merely to tell the world and hens that the yard has good pickings, there is a dust-hole round the corner in the sun, and that He is the greatest thing living. A Crow is very important to a Rooster ; for it keeps him from laying eggs and becoming hen-like in other ways. Deprive a Rooster of it, and what is left to him? Even the hens bully him. He may try again and again to regain his foothold in society, but the only result is hen-pecking—which sight is indeed pathetic.

The purpose  
of a Crow.

I once saw a Rooster swollen with self-esteem fly with difficulty to the top of a fence. He thought one moment with the most intense concentration upon himself.

The over-ripe  
tomato.

He took in all the world at a glance; drew himself up so I expected he would tumble over backwards. He gathered his forces, and with a long, deep breath well inside of him he started his crow; he got but half of it out—round, rich, and satisfied—when there passed his way the Boy with an over-ripe tomato in his hand. Over-ripe tomatoes in the hands of a boy have an affinity for anything hard enough to smash on. It is not hard for a Boy to decide what to do with a tomato too soft to hold. It did not take long for the tomato to go from the Boy to the Rooster, smashing when the crow was in progress. The “doodle-do” was never uttered. The Boy rolled over with a great joy, and I chased the Rooster, who made for any place at all with no purpose in view. When a Rooster is scared and runs to get anywhere, he always reminds me of the crooked track a



man makes when he chases his hat in a great wind; only the man wants his hat, and the Rooster wants anything at all except what he has just had. When he got well away he made some scattered, irrelevant remarks, and looked as though his feelings were hurt; but I soon saw him bullying the hens as if nothing had happened. His crow, however, was never the same again; it always broke in the middle, and ended in rather a weak and tapering way, with much uncertainty of tone. Now, this was not because the Rooster remembered his soft-tomato experience, but because his inside crow-strings had become tangled. I am ashamed of the Boy, and should think he would be full of remorse when he set his mind upon the crow that never was completed. It makes me think of ghosts, and I believe that amputated crow lurks around on hot days.

The crow  
incomplete.

With no  
memory  
of abuse.

A Rooster goes through the day, scratching, picking, crowing, and bossing hens. He has little to do but eat, and would grow fat and a burden to himself if getting food was an easy task ; but he has to do a deal of scratching for a fair cropful. The monotony of his life is varied by occasional excitements or fights and I bring him some little variety. He talks constantly, but mostly about himself and his great importance. He does not amount to much, for he cannot wag his tail. Everything that has a tail should learn how to wag. He has love for no one. Still a Rooster is a very happy person ; everything he does he enjoys and makes the most of, and the only thing he remembers is a good beating given him by another Rooster. I may give him a chase one day, and when he sees me the next he has forgotten all about it, and is just as

good fun as if he had never been chased before. He does not even remember the Boy and the soft tomato, but mounts the fence only to get another tomato somewhere on him. One sad feature of this tomato business is, that if the Boy keeps on growing expert in his shots, the Rooster's crow will not be recognized as one; for of course the tomato does not land upon him exactly at the same stage of crowing, and as each cut-off crow tends to change the character of the total crow, the result will be detrimental to his great accomplishment. I wish the Boy would tire of his game, for a Rooster is a poor thing without a good crow; only I must confess the game has amused me.

The ruin of  
a crow.

All I have said will show you that I have reason to be amused by the Rooster, but I do not think I would be one, even if he could use the love wag or joy wag. Another time

Good-bye! I will say more upon the eccentricities of  
Roosters, but now I shall do some secret  
hunting. Good-bye!

THE HEART OF A BOY.



LOVE — TRUE LOVE.



## CHAPTER IX. THE HEART OF A BOY.



IS flooded with sympathy, and the Heart of a Dog often swells with pity, when it sees the deep grief of a Child. The air all about bears shadows upon it; the colors of the earth grow dim with the mist of tears because of a child's tears. Only a dog knows the bigness of little things and the littleness of great ones in a child's mind. A dog knows the fullness of his grief, the keener in the hour's woe because of the few words given to him to use. He knows, too, the heart full of protest, and the mind crowded with good reasons to prove the right to joy. Like the Child, the Dog has

The Heart  
of a Dog.

A speechless  
Soul.

often and often raised his soul to speak, but no words came to him ; the deeper was his grief, the sharper his sorrow and the more surging the blood about a swelling heart.

Many such hours came into the Boy's life, before I taught the People something of the Boy's heart—happiness and playtime and good laughter I brought to the Boy, and joy to the People ; at least, I told them many simple things which smoothed from their faces some of the lines of inner thinking and knotted irritation, and I gave them the gift of seeing great workings in a young Boy's speechless soul. I taught them to let their stiffened minds down to the mind of a Child ; so I think they too were younger and more ready to smile at the little things which when gathered together during a day make much joy in memory.

Of those days I will tell you. I was but



a blundering, tumbling pup when the Boy came to us. He was brought to find a Home with People who had Children of their own that were grown up and had gone out into the great world to work. The People were too old to go back and begin again the rearing of a young child. They loved their days of work, their idle hours of thought, and their care-marred pleasures; so Duty and the Boy gave many sighs to their days. It must not be here thought that they were unkind; that was not so—for all was done for him, but as older people do for other people's children, and in ways cold and squarely cut. The young growing one, unknown even to himself, was yearning through those early years, for love,—love, laughing, leaping, tearful, arm-pressing love, and a kiss all unexpected. He did not know how to ask for love, or the best way

Other people's children.

to gain it. He would not ask for a kiss—how could a boy? A kiss he got, but it was always at the time of bed-going, when the day had ended unsatisfied. Years came to me and the Boy. With my growing mind and strength, grew my love for him—his love for me I knew filled him full. Play-times we had, and secrets. Joy and sorrow we shared. As I grew older and wiser, I came to plainly see that a young life was being molded in the wrong way. The mind of the Boy was settling into fixed thinking; now and then at times when he felt that the injustice had been too much to endure, would come wild weeping and fast words of reasonless protest, but quickly would he sink into himself, into silence and much thought. Sometimes he would let out the love of his nature to a woman of the Home, but he found no answer to what was in his heart;

so he fell back again *ashamed*—his heart was never the same again.

The  
asparagus  
bed.

These words tell little of all I saw and noted, but I knew something must be done to bring a fuller joy to the Boy. Of course, I did everything for him when we were together, and I knew I had his best love, but I should some day pass out of his life. My love was all I had to give; still, I knew even that, great as it was, would not give life happiness to him. He should have the love of his own kind, and my task it was to win it for him.

One day I had returned from a journey into a far land. I was tired, dusty, and hot. I went to the asparagus bed, all green and fluffy, full of passageways and shady spots, to have a good, flat-sided sleep. I had barely turned round twice before settling down, when the sound of sobbing smote my ears.

May such  
times not come  
to Mary.

I knew then that I must sleep another time. It was the Boy, and I felt sorrow and tears about me. I shook myself till my collar rattled and gathered new strength for my body out of my heart; for I was certain I should need it in that hour.

The Boy lay flat with his face in the grass, his arms out beyond him; sob followed sob with choking quickness, and his tears mingled with the earth. Something terrible had happened. I sat down close by him, and wagged my tail slowly, making no noise, looking with love in my eyes at his wet cheek. There were times when I might have started right in upon the fun and frolic method, but that day I saw was a serious time. In a night he had grown to a greater power of feeling and a fuller capacity for suffering,—such is the spreading of a soul. I knew I must be careful not to shock him

into momentary hatred of me by too quick use of joy and fun wags, and such like preliminary measures. I must have him tell his sorrow first to ease his heart,—then for the fun. So I wagged and wagged silently and discreetly, loving him the while. Then I squeezed out the tiniest bit of a whine, and waited,—still he sobbed. I edged up quite close to his face, without rising from my sitting, and whined again ; stopping my tail, I waited, with my ears well pointed. I could feel that he felt the comfort of my sympathy and understanding, so I went down in front, too, with my nose close to his cheek. I whined again, and waited. The sobs tore his body less cruelly. I licked the tears and streaks from his cheek very gently and got my tail started a little. The Boy did not thrust me away, and his sobs subsided ; so I asked him to tell me what the trouble was,

Love, Love!

saying, "Woof! woof!" and growling a little to let him know I was on his side. I sat up with much dignity. His face came up out of the grass all tear-stained, dirty, and swollen. He put his arms about me, with his cheek to mine, and began to cry again, but very quietly. I asked once more of his trouble. He told me with bitterness in his boyish voice that they were cruel; he never could do anything he wanted to; they were always complaining; they did not understand; when he told them things they always looked tired, or made believe smile, and he had no one in the whole world to love him. (Ah! *I* loved the boy! Where could he find greater love? But he forgot mine, and yearned for theirs.)

So with his head close to my heart he told all of his sorrow. I drew away from him and began to scratch violently—much more violently than was necessary—first one side,

Victory !

and then the other ; this was to bring him to think of commonplace things, and to get him out of himself. Then I grabbed his coat, quick as a flash, and gave it three quick shakes; this was to make him angry and force him to forget the People. The trick worked and he struck out at me, his eyes ablaze through lingering tears. I dodged and lay low with my front legs, telling him to catch me if he could; I barked twice good and hard, which irritated him a little; this too was just what he wanted, for he got up and made for me. Then was the time for ridiculous wild running in circles mixed up, all around the flower-beds and everywhere, with my tail lopping loosely behind. I would stop once in a while and let him almost catch me, and repeat the crooked-running business. Soon I got the Boy into laughter by stumbling over my front legs. The victory was

The People's  
opinion of Jay.

mine ; I had driven grief away, but a scar on his heart was left. When it was safe I let the Boy catch me and took more mauling than I should have ordinarily. I had some fun myself, however, for I got hold of a part of the Boy's trousers and held on—which is a way I have. Then we went to the brook and hunted frogs ; we made new discoveries, to add to our store of secrets.

Many and many a time I brought the Boy out of grief as I have told you, but that was not enough. I was always considered the Boy's Dog and left to go my way with little notice. They considered me somewhat of a fool, because I had a way of wrinkling my brows when things interested me. I had no value, because my tail was thick, with too much hair on the end of it ; the abundance of hair was from no fault of mine, but had come out thick and long



because the Boy once cut it all off three or four joints up. When it grew out again the hair did not stop growing at the right time. I did not tell the People how this came to be, so they had contempt in them; besides, I was yellow and my tail made a sharp turn upwards close to the end of it. Personally I took great satisfaction in the turn, for it added to my dignity at times of alertness; it wagged more completely for love and joy; and it did not work at all for a fear wag; but when it came to take part in a scatch wag my soul was filled with pride. In the whole world there was no finer thing. So you will see that I was held in no high esteem by the People; I had too few "points" as they say. Being little noticed I found my happiness in the Boy and myself, and paid little attention to them, which seemed to me right and proper at the time.

The best  
of tails.

The Heart of  
the Woman.

As I saw the people growing further and further away from the Boy, I felt that something must be done; so I thought it out, and settled upon a way to bring understanding about. Love and sympathy, they are the quickest kindled in the heart of a woman; no matter how long an expression of them has lain hidden in the wrapping of bitterness or disappointment, both lie like sparks, ready to brighten into lovelight and the sunshine of tenderness. So I saw I must carefully appeal to the Woman in the Home. I may not here use many words in telling you how I brought Love to the People, but in a few minutes thinking I will tell of it.

So I began with the Woman. I set out by showing joy, and did much wiggling and twisting and jumping when she came my way, always being careful not to jump on her or mud her up. Never did I

carry the boisterous behavior far enough to make her angry, and I would stop at the right time, just after something I had done drew a smile from her. When she went walking around the garden-paths, with slow and feeble steps, I would follow close at her skirts. I kept this up until she got used to me and expected me every day. All this was tame business for me and the Boy said he hated me, but I told him it was for his good and to *wait*. Sometimes I would sit right down before her and look into her face and whine, or bang my tail steadily on the boards. In time I could always count upon a smile and a feeble petting. When things grew more familiar between us I would slip my chin upon her knee, and look with appealing kindness into her heart. One day I did this and she came to her knees and wrapped me around with

She had a  
sorrow, too.

In the  
balance.

her arms. I felt her tears about my eyes. I saw then that she had grief in her too, and it would be good for the Boy and all of us to know her better. From that day I loved her, and she loved me more and more ; this I knew, for who knows love sooner than a dog?

Then I brought the Boy and Woman to each other. I would take her to where the Boy was, building, playing, or dreaming, and I would pounce on him and roll him over, and scatter around. Then he would hurl things at me. She stopped him, and petted me to make me feel happy again—and I was ashamed to have deceived her. At first this excited jealousy in the Boy, and at one time I almost felt his love for me was waning, but he could not get along without me ; my love for him grew deeper and more tender, and this he knew. She loved me and so did He ;

this fact grew into his mind and spread over his heart. I could see his sensitive but loving nature coming closer to her day by day without his knowing it, but should I have told him that I saw what I did, fierce would have been his denial. With Her, tenderness grew, and she waited. I was glad, and wagged the slow and sure wag of settled affection when I was with them.

Waiting.

One day we were under the trees; all the World was kind and soft. Gentle blue veiled everything, dreams floated about us and in the hedges. The Boy and the Woman and I were there. He seemed to have no fixed purpose in his mind, and his eyes looked beyond the world, full of yearning, but I knew he shaped no words to speak of what he longed for. She sat looking much as did the Boy, only a settled sorrow clouded her face. I was happy, for

Joy, joy  
this day.

I knew those two yearned for the same thing, Love. The Day and I would bring it to them. I trembled in my sides with excited hope and expectation. The woman rose and went to the Boy and kissed his cheek, kneeling by him. It was the unexpected kiss. He dropped his wondering little head upon her knees, and his tears stained her gown, his arms drew her closer and closer to him. Soon he looked up at her with something shining out of his eyes I had never seen there before. My happiness had a touch of sorrow—would he be *my* Boy again? Those two hearts came together, but no word came to me, the Dog who had brought love to both. I will not tell all that came about in the Home, after this, or how I helped with the Woman to bring the People to know the Heart of the Boy. A year had not passed away before

I heard his laughter mixed with the sober noise of older ones. Stories they told to suit his young mind. Love and Sympathy filled the Home. The faces of the grown ones became softer to look at, and the Boy grew and grew in that place where Love abided.

Good-bye!

This is all I will say of how I brought happiness to the Heart of the Boy.



Good-bye, young heart! When Joy fills the hours of the Day, when endless plans for new games crowd far beyond the hidden Sun, when dreams and wonders whirl around you, all to be seized and made true,—I understand and love you. When hot and sickening disappointment comes, when your heart surges with unformed words of protest

Good-bye! and revolt, when a great cloud of nameless  
longing wraps you up,—I understand, I  
sympathize, I *love* you. Good-bye!

JAY (a Dog).





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